

Every man has his price—but few get it.

And you always get full measure when you acquire a peck of trouble.

It will soon take an expert to distinguish between a Russian crisis and a revolution.

Paradoxically, a shortage in the Finnish hop fields promises a jump in the price.

The people of Helsingfors insist that their town isn't anywhere near as bad as it sounds.

A painter has just died leaving a fortune of \$200,000. Yet some folks insist there's nothing in signs.

The small boy of Russia is not being inspired, these days, with the illusive hope that some day he may be Czar.

It is getting so that when two battle-ships escape collision the circumstance is worth a paragraph in the news columns.

There are thousands of people in the country who would have been satisfied had Russell Sage been a \$25,000 uncle to them.

James J. Corbett has managed to get into the limelight again by kicking a milkman. Treating him to a milk punch, as it were.

The public is beginning to learn some things about his nephews and nieces that Uncle Russell Sage doubtless knew when he made his will.

William Cullen Bryant once wrote an ode to a mosquito, beginning "Fair insect." He must have known that only the lady mosquito lights upon man.

Speaking of universal peace, Russia is preparing to build bigger and heavier battleships, and Japan is experimenting with new and deadlier projectiles.

A sea cow, eighteen feet long, and which cost \$2,000, has been added to the New York aquarium. We suppose it is to furnish milk for the sea urchins there.

A woman is trying to get theatrical managers to refuse to put on pieces which call for the appearance of girls in tights. We have no doubt that the managers will yield to her entreaties the moment such pieces cease to pay.

In Denmark there is a company that insures girls against becoming old maids. A girl who has to pay an unusually high premium over there may be justified in refusing to believe the fellows who tell her she is beautiful.

An Atlanta, Ga., man was arrested a few days ago for kissing his wife in public. This should be a lesson to married men everywhere. Let the married man limit his public demonstrations of affection to calling her "Pet" or "Baby."

An Eastern bard begins a poem thus: An anarchist was working Within a garret mean.

This shows how dangerous it is for bards to sing of things concerning which they are ignorant. Anarchists don't work.

A Chinese viceroy has adopted the plan of keeping a group of Christians in jail to pray for rain. As soon as the climatic conditions are favorable he lets out one lot and takes on another against the next dry spell. A few weeks of wet weather ought to be a great Christianizing influence in that province.

A woman lecturer at the University of Wisconsin the other day said to an audience composed of members of her own sex: "We are never going to be free so long as we wear petticoats. Woman must wear a gymnasium-like costume if she wishes to gain her freedom." Is there to be a renaissance of the bloomer?

The spoiling of sons by wealthy fathers is a peculiarly a habit of the newly rich. Where money has longer been in the family, the possession of a few millions does not constitute an irresistible temptation to rush out and make a swine of one's self. But the sudden fortunes of the past few years of blessed prosperity have confessedly turned out a crowd of vapid and worthless and helplessly rich young men.

One of the construction firms engaged in rebuilding San Francisco engaged a large quantity of Portland cement to be delivered this month at the rate of a thousand barrels a day. Delivery at that rate for forty-two days would have exhausted the entire production of cement in the United States in 1880. Last year, however, 34,000,000 barrels were produced, and only the other day a Kansas City company began to build a plant for its manufacture that will turn out half a million barrels a year. When concrete houses become popular the demand for Portland cement will increase to such an extent that every man who has a bed of argillaceous limestone on his farm will have a fortune waiting at his hand.

During the fiscal year, ended on June 30, the national government had a surplus of receipts over expenditures amounting to more than twenty-five million dollars. During the preceding year there was a deficit of nearly the same amount. In 1903-04 there was also a deficit, but it would have been less than two millions if the expenditures had not included a sum of forty million dollars paid for the Panama Canal. The United States, unlike most governments in this respect, does not vary its taxing system from year to year according to the demands that are to be made on the treasury. There has been no change in the tariff on imports since

1897. Only the tariff of 1893, which was in force eleven years, has had a longer life than the Dingley tariff. Nor has any important amendment been made in the internal revenue system since the repeal of the taxes imposed to pay the expenses of the Spanish war. The result of having a fixed system of revenue, the proceeds of which fluctuate as the country is prosperous or otherwise, and of making appropriations without knowing how large the receipts are to be, is that the government has sometimes a large surplus, and again a deficit. Immense receipts for customs in consequence of an unprecedented importation of foreign goods caused the surplus of the past year. Expenditures were large, but the tariff yielded more than three hundred million dollars, and internal revenue receipts also increased, although not so largely as customs. No longer ago than last December a deficit was anticipated, but in the last six months the revenue poured into the treasury in unexpected millions.

Child labor laws seem to fail because legislators do not distinguish carefully between the thing to be accomplished and the means to accomplish it. There is no doubt whatever that legislatures can fix the minimum age at which children may be allowed to work, but in carrying out the purpose of the laws they make, they must be sure that they treat all children alike. The certification of age must be obtainable by all. Child labor laws, so far as their executive provisions go, have been fashioned too much after the laws of European countries. It is very easy in those countries to obtain certificates of age, because they all preserve vital statistics. Every child born into the world is properly recorded, and at any time the date of his birth can be obtained. In this country vital statistics have not been kept until very recent years. Here the States manage these matters to suit themselves. The births of some children are recorded and of others not. Any law that requires a certificate based upon record must necessarily discriminate against those whose births are not a matter of record. The Pennsylvania law has been declared unconstitutional because it so discriminated. Other laws have met similar fate for the same reason. What are needed are provisions that will conform to the conditions obtaining in this country. There is no doubt that a minimum age can be fixed by law. There ought to be some way by which evidence of age can be established that will apply to all alike. This is the problem to be solved, and its solution may lie in the general institution of vital statistics. The courts have not indicated such a solution, they being satisfied simply to declare the defects in laws enacted. The lawmakers must discover how to solve this problem and no doubt they will.

Many countries have contributed to the splendor of that palatial edifice of art and pleasure, the Opera House. Marbles from Italy, from Spain, from Scotland and from Sweden embellish it, from Finland even, and from far Algeria. In front of it great bronze candelabra stand. The facade is beautiful, and there are interior glories of red and gold, of mirrors, stately ceilings, sparkling with rows of lights that look like strings of jewels.

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A Tour of Europe

Every visitor to Paris is interested in the Bourse de Commerce, or old Corn Exchange, and the fluted Doric column relic of Marie de Medici's palace. From here it is a step to the Bank of France, with precious cellars stocked with diamonds and bullion carefully guarded. Then comes the garden of the Palais Royal. Where is the splendor always associated with this romantic name? Here is revealed a tragedy of departed glory. There is a promenade beneath small shade trees; there is a basin of water, which does service as a fountain; there are one or two flower beds. There are sculptures, too, and in the afternoon, when the band is playing, the court takes on somewhat of a festive air. But by morning light, when nearly deserted, it is dreary enough. The trinket shops around its borders show cheap and tawdry wares. The cafes which occupy the second floor are good for their inexpensive kind. Here is the entrance to the old vaudeville theater of the Palais Royal. In the garden are occasional benches. It would be interesting to stay until noon when the little cannon placed behind the statue of Eurydice is fired automatically by means of a burning glass.

An essential element in the charm of Paris is the abundance of flowers. The larger flower markets, at the Madeleine, in the Place de la Republique and on the Quai aux Fleurs, are supplemented by the flower kiosks scattered at intervals along the boulevards, by the big baskets of blossoms which one sees carried on the backs of men and women porters, by the bouquets of flower girls, and the gorgeous window boxes which light up by day the Avenue de l'Opera, the Rue Royale, and the Rue de la Paix. Paquin's windows fairly flame with living color. The maples in the gardens of the city have "put their corals on." The lilacs wave their purple plumes. The acacias are all out in bloom, and the chestnut trees along the Avenue des Champs Elysees have lit their "mimic chandeliers." Flowers are so cheap that anybody can afford to buy them, and almost everybody does.

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Now Oku, Hero of Nanshan, is at Head of Japanese Army.

Baron Oku, who succeeded Gen. Kodama as the head of the Japanese army, is 62 years old. After receiving a collegiate education he entered the army at the age of 27, and in 1877, when a major, he found himself in command of the Emperor's forces in Kanamoto Castle, in southern Japan, during the Satsuma rebellion. After being nearly starved he led a desperate sortie, cut his way through the rebels and joined the imperial relieving forces. For this act of valor he was promoted and decorated.

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besieged and took Port Arthur. Of the other three, which repeatedly engaged Kuropatkin to the north, Oku commanded the one which landed near Dalay and swept up the Liaoting peninsula. Another, which landed in Korea, cleared the enemy from the Yalu river and united with Oku at Liouyang, was commanded by Gen. Tamekoto Kuroki, whose desperate attempt to flank Kuropatkin forced the Russians back on Mukden but failed to bag the enemy. The fourth commander was Gen. Michitsura Nodzu, a hero of the China war, who swung his army northward from Takushan, west of the Yalu.

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Humor as a Study.

Can the sense of humor be cultivated? I think if a boy with the literal directness of a small Briton, the despair of his humorous father. A systematic course was begun, in the hope that the child's life might be broadened and brightened. Each week one or two evenings were devoted to a careful explanation of the jokes as they appeared in three of the humorous weeklies of the better class. Puns were avoided, as

they were more easily detected and often enjoyed, while the father had no desire for a punster son. At first the evenings were strenuous, disliked by both; to the humorous side, so potent to the onlooker, father and son alike were oblivious. But at 25, while he is not an original joker, none can excel this young man in the ease and quickness with which he detects a hidden meaning. The initiative seems not to be granted him, but a fund of enjoyment is his which undoubtedly would have been lost but for his consistent training.—Good Housekeeping.

BRILLIANT WOMAN AUTHOR.

Mrs. Pearl Craigie Was One of the Most Popular Novelists.

The sudden death of Mrs. Pearl Craigie, better known under the pen name of John Oliver Hobbes, in London recently removed one of the brilliant novelists of the day. Her demise was totally unexpected, she having been apparently in the best of health when she retired the evening previous. She was found dead in bed, having evidently passed away while asleep. Heart disease was the cause.

Mrs. Craigie was an American, although she had resided for a great many years in England. She was the daughter of John Morgan Richards and was born in Boston 38 years ago. She was a near relative of the famous Field family. Her father was wealthy and she was given every educational advantage. She traveled extensively abroad and took courses in classics and philosophy in London. When 19 she was married to Reginald Walpole Craigie, an Englishman of good family who was a clerk in the Bank of England. Their married life was unhappy. In 1895 she brought suit for divorce in a London court, alleging shocking brutality on his part, and procured a decree, with the custody of her son.

The name of John Oliver Hobbes first appeared appended to a short novel called "Some Emotions and a Moral," in 1891. The sharp cynicism and high flavor of the book gained instant recognition for the writer. It was at first supposed that the author was a man. Not until some time afterwards did Mrs. Craigie reveal her identity. "The Sinner's Comedy," a second story along the same lines, and "A Bundle of Life" followed, gaining wide favor. "The Gods, Some Mortals and Lord Wickerham" attracted much attention, as did another of her popular successes, "The School for Saints," brought out in 1897. Her last novel, published in 1905, was "The Flute of Pan." Mrs. Craigie was also the author of several plays, the most successful being "The Ambassador." She likewise wrote many brilliant essays for different periodicals.

Mrs. Craigie was a woman of most engaging personality. She was handsome, slight in physique and always impressed the visitor as a woman of great mentality. Her literary style was distinctly masculine. She was a frequent visitor to this country and always took a deep interest in affairs pertaining to her native land. Her home in London was a center for the literary lights of the day and she was a leading spirit among them.

ACTIVE AT 100.

Rev. William Howe, One of New England's Oldest Clergymen.

One of the oldest active clergymen in the United States is Rev. William Howe, of Boston, who recently rounded out his one hundredth year. Born in Worcester, he early determined on entering the ministry, and chiefly through his own efforts he secured his education. After his theological course he entered the Baptist ministry and for nearly three-quarters of a century has been actively at work. He founded in Boston the Union Baptist Church, now Tremont Temple Church, one of the most noted of that persuasion in New England. He also founded in Cambridge the Broadway Baptist Church. Dr. Howe has been a forcible and convincing speaker, and even now, in spite of the handicap of advanced years, he gives evidence of his early ability as an orator, for he still preaches on occasions.

It is the easiest thing in the world to puncture a pneumatic know-all.

AMERICA'S HERITAGE OF BIG GAME BEING SHAMEFULLY WASTED.



In ten years there will hardly be enough big game in the West to tempt a hunter to take down his rifle—provided the present rate of slaughter is maintained.

From the Western States that have long been famed as the haunts of big game of all descriptions come stories of flagrant disregard of laws. Hunting is carried on out of season by ranchmen, and, if a game warden makes an arrest, it is almost impossible to find a jury that will convict. An occasional outsider is fined, but the "native" generally gets off scot-free, even if he has been caught with a wagon load of illegally slaughtered game in his possession.

In the last haunt of the elk, south of Yellowstone Park, in the Jackson Hole country, those noble animals are fast disappearing. Even the game of Yellowstone National Park is not exempt, if stories from Wyoming and Montana are correct, as it is claimed that poachers carry on a campaign of wholesale slaughter in the long winter months, when the park is snowbound and when it is practically impossible for soldiers to guard the great game preserve of the nation.

In the Northwest little or no attention is paid to laws protecting those rare animals, mountain goats; while in Colorado and other Rocky Mountain States, whose peaks are the grazing ground of the mountain sheep, those beautiful animals are being killed off in spite of a farcical "perpetual closed season."

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These four generals operated in harmony under the direction of Field Marshal Marquis Oyama and his great chief of staff, Gen. Baron Kodama, who never lost a fight. At Nanshan, Kuropatkin, Tashichou and Hanching he whipped the Russians out of the trenches.

Humor as a Study.

Can the sense of humor be cultivated? I think if a boy with the literal directness of a small Briton, the despair of his humorous father. A systematic course was begun, in the hope that the child's life might be broadened and brightened. Each week one or two evenings were devoted to a careful explanation of the jokes as they appeared in three of the humorous weeklies of the better class. Puns were avoided, as

they were more easily detected and often enjoyed, while the father had no desire for a punster son. At first the evenings were strenuous, disliked by both; to the humorous side, so potent to the onlooker, father and son alike were oblivious. But at 25, while he is not an original joker, none can excel this young man in the ease and quickness with which he detects a hidden meaning. The initiative seems not to be granted him, but a fund of enjoyment is his which undoubtedly would have been lost but for his consistent training.—Good Housekeeping.

BRILLIANT WOMAN AUTHOR.

Mrs. Pearl Craigie Was One of the Most Popular Novelists.

The sudden death of Mrs. Pearl Craigie, better known under the pen name of John Oliver Hobbes, in London recently removed one of the brilliant novelists of the day. Her demise was totally unexpected, she having been apparently in the best of health when she retired the evening previous. She was found dead in bed, having evidently passed away while asleep. Heart disease was the cause.

Mrs. Craigie was an American, although she had resided for a great many years in England. She was the daughter of John Morgan Richards and was born in Boston 38 years ago. She was a near relative of the famous Field family. Her father was wealthy and she was given every educational advantage. She traveled extensively abroad and took courses in classics and philosophy in London. When 19 she was married to Reginald Walpole Craigie, an Englishman of good family who was a clerk in the Bank of England. Their married life was unhappy. In 1895 she brought suit for divorce in a London court, alleging shocking brutality on his part, and procured a decree, with the custody of her son.

The name of John Oliver Hobbes first appeared appended to a short novel called "Some Emotions and a Moral," in 1891. The sharp cynicism and high flavor of the book gained instant recognition for the writer. It was at first supposed that the author was a man. Not until some time afterwards did Mrs. Craigie reveal her identity. "The Sinner's Comedy," a second story along the same lines, and "A Bundle of Life" followed, gaining wide favor. "The Gods, Some Mortals and Lord Wickerham" attracted much attention, as did another of her popular successes, "The School for Saints," brought out in 1897. Her last novel, published in 1905, was "The Flute of Pan." Mrs. Craigie was also the author of several plays, the most successful being "The Ambassador." She likewise wrote many brilliant essays for different periodicals.

Mrs. Craigie was a woman of most engaging personality. She was handsome, slight in physique and always impressed the visitor as a woman of great mentality. Her literary style was distinctly masculine. She was a frequent visitor to this country and always took a deep interest in affairs pertaining to her native land. Her home in London was a center for the literary lights of the day and she was a leading spirit among them.

ACTIVE AT 100.

Rev. William Howe, One of New England's Oldest Clergymen.